

The Phone Call

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The Phone Call

\*\*Disclaimer:\*\* Not mine

\*\*Author's Notes: \*\*Thanks to Jedisapphire for the beta

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\*\*\*"Find a place inside where there is joy, and the joy will burn out the pain." \*\*\*

\*\*-Joseph Campbell\*\*

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><p>"Dean your phone!" Sam yelled, from the book his head was buried in. "Dean!"<p>

Realizing his brother had taken off to get Pizza minus his phone. Sam reached over and grabbed the cell. "Hello."

"Dean?" An unfamiliar voice greeted him.

"No. Who's this?" Sam asked a little gruffer than intended, annoyed at being pulled away from his research.

"It's Michelle. You and Dean saved my life a couple weeks ago. Werewolves."

"Oh Michelle sorry, its been one of those days. Is there something I can do for you?"

"I just wanted to check in and see how you're doing. I didn't get a chance at the hospital."

"I'm good. Thank you. How about you?"

"Better. Thanks. I'm staying with a cousin, who also helped me find a job. So, life goes on."

"It does."

"However," Michelle said. "It's going to take a while for me to wrap my head around monsters being real."

"I get that," Sam laughed softly. "Werewolves. There are moments I find their existence surreal myself."

"That helps to know. But what about that evil, scary, death machine Dean talked to?"

"Who?" Sam asked.

"The woman your brother talked to after taking all those pills. Do I have to worry about her too? Like werewolves?"

Sam's breathing quickened, as he tried to absorb the shock of discovering Dean had tried to make a deal.

Forcibly calming himself down Sam reassured Michelle.

"No, you don't have to worry about her. You saw what it took for Dean to find her right?"

"Yes. He had to die to talk to her."

"Her words hit Sam hard. But he pushed the pain down, with his need to know everything.

"Since you were there Michelle, would you mind filling in the blanks of what happened? When Dean told me," Sam lied. "I didn't want to push him for details, you know make him talk about it too much."

"Sure, anything, if it helps" Michelle offered.

"It does, thank you."

"Well, the first thing Dean did was tell me I could leave or help. I chose to help."

"Help him with what?"

"He needed to find the right pills and then I was to get the doctor afterwards. But If I had known then."

"known what?" Sam asked uneasily.

"The way your brother died, he was on the floor seizing and foaming at the mouth. It was horrible. Dean was lucky the Doctor revived him. It didn't look like she could and then all of a sudden he was back. As awful as the memory of your brother's death is, what sticks in my

mind is the look of pure joy on Dean's face, telling me he had found out you were alive. I'd swear that is what brought him back.

\*\*o0o\*\*

"Hey, "Dean poked his head in Sam's room, finding him organizing the books on his desk. "Didn't you hear me calling you? Pizza's here and its getting cold. We got a good movie waiting for us too. Wait till you see what I... what's wrong?"

Sam had been standing there, back towards him, for far too long in silence.

"Sam?" Dean walked up behind his brother. "Sammy," he repeated his name.

"I'm just not hungry," Sam finally responded.

"It didn't matter what his brother said now. Dean already knew something was wrong, so he grabbed Sam's shoulder and spun him around to face him.

One look at Sam's face confirmed it. He looked angry and hurt and his eyes reflected that pain.

What's wrong Sammy?" Dean asked, his protective instincts rearing up in anger, his nurturing side presenting itself in the out reached hand wanting to gently comfort his little brother. Which was rejected when Sam stepped back from it.

"Nothing is wrong."

"Your face said's differently Sam."

"I'm fine."

"The hell you are! Come on man, talk to me!"

Not sure he could handle the conversation they needed to have without falling apart. Sam knew he had to try.

"Michelle called. She wanted to know how we both were doing."

"That was thoughtful of her," Dean said, not needing more to know where this was going.

"She assumed I knew what you did Dean. When she asked if the scary, evil, death machine you talked to was any threat to her."

"Oh."

"Oh? That's all you got to say, Dean, is oh."

"What do you want me to say?"

"Anything, more, than that!"

"You were dead Sammy or so I thought and I was out of options."

"Out of options Dean! This wasn't a game of checkers. This was your life, your soul, you were bargaining with!"

"I knew what I was doing."

"Did you Dean?"

"Not my first time down this road Sammy."

"My point exactly!"

"I had to try Sammy."

"Try what? Killing yourself to talk to a reaper you knew would never make a deal? Billie turned you down flat didn't she?"

"She did," Dean acknowledged.

"My guess is you next tried to tell her about how she'd be a victim of the darkness, and that didn't work either, because we have no idea how to stop it!"

"You are two for two Sam."

"There's more, isn't there Dean?"

Dean looked at Sam lost on what to say to a brother who knew him better than anyone. "Since you have all the answers why don't you just finish it."

"You offered to take my place didn't you? But she refused because you were so close to dying she thought she was going to reap you?"

Dean didn't have to say a word his face told Sam this is exactly what happened. "I don't want you trading your life for mine!" Sam yelled, visibly upset. "What if you did somehow convince Billie to make a deal? Did you really expect me to go on and have a life, knowing this is what it cost you Dean? I couldn't."

"No!" Sam then added quietly. "I'd eat a bullet first. It would hurt less."

"Don't you ever say that!" Dean grabbed hold of Sam, shaking him violently. "Don't you ever talk about killing yourself!"

"Dean, you just did more than talk about it," Sam countered on the verge of tears. "Do you have any idea what it felt like hearing from a stranger that my big brother tried to kill himself so he could bargain his life for mine. That you were on the floor seizing and foaming at the mouth! That you almost didn't come back to me."

Sam broke with those words, Dean pulling him into his arms. "I'm so sorry Sammy," Dean held him close and tight. "I never meant to hurt you. I get it now. I do." Sam tightened his hold on Dean, comforted by his big brother's arms, relieved by his newly found understanding but embarrassed by such an open display of emotion.

"I know," Sam answered moments later, wiping his face. "You were doing what you always do Dean, watching out for me and wanting to

kept me safe. Not thinking about yourself at all in the equation. But you need to start Dean. You need to promise me you will. Because I can't do this without you. I won't!"

"I want to Sammy. But I ..."

"All I ask is that you take a breath and think before taking any action that pertains to your life and soul. Safe for me is you here Dean."

Dean didn't want to agree to anything he couldn't stick to. Because when it came to Sam's well being, his mind had one focus, save Sam. But when Dean looked into his younger brother's eyes and remembered the hurt he saw in them, that he caused. "I can do that." Didn't seem to difficult to promise.

Sam smiled, relieved, and wanting to share something. "I know where I'm at my best now Dean. Actually I've known for a while."

"And where is that?" Dean asked warmly.

"In the impala, driving down crazy street, next to you."

"I do love my words being thrown back at me," Dean answered with a smile. This was something he'd always wanted. But to hear the words from Sam. "So are we good?" Dean asked, before he became more than teary-eyed.

"We are," Sam agreed. "Reheated pizza?"

"Sounds great," Dean answered, pulling Sam into an affectionate headlock, walking him out the door.

"Dean you're acting like a child," Sam spoke in a muffled voice from his brother's chest.

"And your point Sammy," Dean laughed.

End  
file.